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AGENTS.

William Hatt, for the city of New York.
Charles H. Hill, Worcester and County.
Joseph Atkins, Buffalo, N. Y.
T. B. Underwood, Thompson, Ct.
H. A. Drake, Northbridge, Mass.
A. L. Post, Montrose, Pa.
Ferry J. Chase, Providence.
John P. Page, New Bedford, Mass.
Lowell B. Winch, Worcester.
Solomon H. Cole, Lynn.
Joel Marble, Albany, N. Y.
David Tenney, Palmer.
Rev. Geo. Post, Leesville, N. Y.
Rev. L. C. Stevens, for the State of Maine.

The Family.

The Vain Girl.

We sometimes think we are more the
objects of attention than we really are;
and it is our vanity that leads us to think
so. Thus it happened in the case of
Ellen B.

On one lovely summer day, I was
walking with this little girl in our garden.
She was very neatly, and, moreover, she
thought, very prettily dressed; but above
all, she carried a parasol in her hand,
and this parasol Ellen thought made her
look very grand indeed!

Well, we walked on; and I tried to
draw her attention, in a simple way, to
better things and nobler objects; but she
was so engrossed by herself and what she
thought was her elegant appearance, that
she felt little inclination to listen to in-
struction. As I could not get her to at-
tend, I began seriously to think on the
pride of the human heart: when a coach,
with a great number of passengers,
whirled rapidly past as we were stand-
ing at the garden gate. As soon as it was
gone, Ellen turned round to me. "Oh,
dear!" said she, "did not you see how
all the people on the coach looked at
me?" No doubt she concluded that she
was admired, and she drew up her head
and walked more on tip-toe, and held her
parasol still higher! Just then she turned
down a path, and I could not help
looking after her with pity. Poor
thoughtless child! she passed on with a
mincing step, holding up her parasol in
one hand, as though the whole world was
gazing at her; in her other hand she held
a fan, which no doubt added a little to
her self-estimation. I thought to myself
that the hollyhock blooming near her was
finer, and Flora, who ran barking be-
side her, was far happier than she. I
had not observed any of the passengers
on the coach gazing on my companion.
I dare say they had other business and
more important concerns to engage their
attention, than thinking of a child at the
gate who carried a parasol!

The reader may learn from this little
circumstance that the heart is proud, self-
elated, and deceitful above all things. I
pray you guard it well. Was Jesus Christ
vain and high-minded? No. And if we
have the mind of Christ, we shall con-
stantly seek to be more and more humble.
"Before honor is humility, and a haughty
spirit is before a fall." We are too apt
to think ourselves of great account, and
then if everybody does not pay us due
respect, we are offended. "Learn of
me," said our blessed Redeemer, "for I
am meek and lowly in heart, and ye shall
find rest to your souls." If your limbs
are well formed, God has made them so;
to him be all the glory. If the roses of
health and beauty bloom upon your
cheeks, God has placed them there; and
it should humble you to reflect that, when
he pleases, they will wither away. Have
you good understandings, be grateful to
God, for he gave them. Have you com-
fortable clothing, be thankful, but not
vain; for the tulip and the butterfly are
more gaily decked than you can possibly
be. What then have we, any of us, to
glory in? Let us never forget that in
the sight of God we are sinners; surely
this thought ought to keep us humble,
and send us continually to the cross of
Christ, that by believing in him our
sins may be pardoned, and our souls
saved. O, let us seek more and more to
be nothing in our own esteem, and not to
think of ourselves more highly than we

ought to think. For he that exalteth him-
self shall be abased, and he that humbleth
himself shall be exalted.

Children's Tract.

Respect for Children.

We have long admired the spirit of
John Trebunius. It was his custom,
history tells us, when he came into the
school-room, to take off his hat and bow
to his scholars. His colleagues having
one day expressed their astonishment at
his extreme condescension, his answer
was—"There are among these youths
some whom God will one day raise to the
ranks of burgomasters, chancellors, doc-
tors, and magistrates. Though you do
not now see the outward signs of their
respective dignities, it is yet proper to
treat them with respect." The answer
may be called prophetic. Martin Luther
sat on one of the forms before him, and
heard his master's words with emotion.
"We ought never to forget," he said, "the
destinies of the children whom we teach.
And should we ever speak of their in-
struction as humble labor, partly in ac-
commodation with prevailing modes of
thinking, and partly, because in some
respects it is so, we ought ever to feel
that in reality, and in chief respects, it is
great and full of dignity. Weak and
childish minds occupy not the first but
the last place in the scale of fitness for it,
and genius itself may accomplish its
greatest triumphs in its successful pro-
secution."

Love.

BY WILLIAM B. TAPPAN.
We were there nothing else
For which to praise the heavens but only Love,
Then only Love were cause enough for praise."
ALFRED TANNON.

True it is, O weary traveler,
In a path where pitfalls be,
And where lies in wait the spoiler—
True it is for thee and me,
In that path which leads above,
Walketh with us, watchful Love.
True it is, that true to duty
Christian—on thy couch of pain,
Though we may not to thee carry
Hope of health and ease again—
This, thy trial-way above,
Smoothed and guarded is by Love.
True it is, O weeping mother,
At the coffin of thy boy,
Thou hast anguish that another
Knoweth not, and thou hast joy
Which the untried may not prove—
For the blow is dealt by Love.
True it is, O sinner, broken
As thy heart is, on the wheel
Of remorse, that Mercy's token
Lifted is to those who feel.
See it, where the healing Dove
Flutters o'er the cross in Love.
True it is, perplexed and troubled,
Thou, on Life's uncertain tide,
All thy sorrows more than doubled,
By those dark waters at thy side—
That these stormy waves move,
Only at the word of Love.
True it is, each billow's bidding
Only thou in wrath to go—
And the raging deep is chidden
In its threatening overflow.
Were there nothing else to move
Praise but Love, there's cause in Love.
Ladies' Com. for Nov.

The Reflector.

For the Christian Reflector.

Mr. Webster at New York—Treaty with England.

We have witnessed, with much pleas-
ure, the many noble sentiments which
the peaceful adjustment of our difficulties
with Great Britain has called forth from
all quarters, but especially from the ac-
knowledge lawgivers of public opinion.
The New York Chamber of Commerce
recently waited upon Mr. Webster in
that city, "to express its high estimation
of his services in the negotiation of the
late treaty with Great Britain. That
negotiation," says the President of the
Chamber, "had for its object the final
adjustment of long standing as well as
intricate and important questions, and
this object has been successfully accom-
plished on terms that are deemed alike
honorable and satisfactory; while the
spirit of mutual concession and concilia-
tion that was manifested on the occasion,
has served but to enhance the value of
the benefits conferred, in the establish-
ment of friendly intercourse between
two kindred nations on a basis of assured
confidence and permanent tranquility."
"Gentlemen," replies Mr. Webster,
"in the progress of the civilized world,
great changes have been wrought by
commercial intercourse, by the general
advancement in civilization, and above
all, by the benign influences of the Chris-
tian religion. And these changes are so
clearly indicated by the subjects on

which nations now-a-days treat, as by
any other marks or proofs whatever. In
ages past, treaties were merely alliances
made for purposes of war, or as defenses
against war, or merely as compact
against the strong for the defence of the
weak; or against crowns or successful
princes, and for preserving what was
considered in former days the 'balance
of power.' Treaties in our own day
assume a new character. Not that these
subjects are excluded altogether, not that
they are not often introduced, but a
new class of subjects have arisen from
the influence of Christianity, and have
been introduced into the relations of
government. These are commercial
regulations, and are for the adjustment
of such questions as arise from the inter-
course of different nations, and especially
are they of service in preventing the
cruelty and barbarism which were so
frequent in former ages.

Gentlemen, as I have said, treaties
were formerly entered into, wars waged,
immense treasures exhausted, and tor-
rents of blood poured out, to maintain
the balance of power among the nations
of the earth, that is, to keep the strong
from oppressing the weak; and this se-
curity against oppression by the powerful,
the weak sought to obtain by alliances,
by armies, by foreign subsidies and by
military aid. But, thanks to the civiliza-
tion of the age, thanks to the commercial
intercourse of civilized nations, and
thanks especially to the Christian religion,
which has been so influential upon the
minds of men, and the spirit of the times,
another instrument has been de-
vised for maintaining this balance of
power, far beyond, and infinitely above
all the armies and navies of the earth.
That instrument is moral power—the
judgment of mankind. All the nations
of the earth would view with indignation
now, any such attempt on the part of the
strong to oppress the weak, nor in this
age would any nation attempt such a deed
as the partition of Poland. All the na-
tions of Europe could not now be so
oppressed as they were in former times.
In all instances his ad-
dresses were most affectionately kind,
always manifesting a great sympathy in
the afflictions and prosperity of his con-
gregation.

In the intercourse of private life he
was greatly useful, and his religious
visits among the serious of all denomina-
tions were highly esteemed. He was
frequently requested to attend upon the
sickness of many persons who were not
of his congregation, and who were an-
xious to receive his estimable counsels in
relation to the state of their souls and
their prospects for eternity; as there was
no other preacher to whom they could so
freely impart their anxieties and their
hopes. He used to say, that in visiting
the dying sinner who was without a well-
grounded hope, he had nothing to recom-
mend him to do as a work of merit,
but he could point him to the freeness
and fullness of the gospel, assuring him
that if he believed in the Lord Jesus
Christ, he would be saved. To the soul
of the dying Christian he would seem as
the messenger of heaven, by his spiri-
tual conversation opening to him the por-
tals of eternal bliss.

Religious cheerfulness was the habitu-
al temper of his mind, accompanied with
tokens of regard for all with whom he
had intercourse. To those who in his
presence seemed to feel as inferiors, he
would be peculiarly condescending, en-
deavoring to relieve them of all embar-
rassment, in order that he might obtain
their confidence. A gentleman, formerly
of this city, whose mother was a member
of his church, remarked to the writer,
that Dr. Stillman would occasionally
make a pastoral visit to his mother, on
which occasion he would sometimes be
present. The Doctor would be remark-
ably free in conversation, but, added he,
for the life of me I could not be free with
him; so dignified was he, and so perfectly
the gentleman. An instance of his
condescension occurred while walking
with one of his friends. They met a
colored man, who very politely took off
his hat and bowed to the Doctor, who
readily returned the compliment. His
friend, surprised at his manner, said,
"Sir, why did you take off your hat to that
black man? Why, replied he, the man
made his obeisance to me, and I should
be sorry to have it said, that a colored
man had better manners than myself.
Perhaps there was no man in city or
country, in whom native urbanity, meek-
ness, and gentleness, were more happily
blended with moral greatness, than in
this messenger of salvation."

His manner in the pulpit was solemn
and graceful. When rising to speak in
prayer, or to preach, his voice was clear
and audible, and his enunciation so dis-

tinguish-
ing that he could be heard in every part
of the house, even in his first sentence.
His utterance was always free and easy,
never interrupted by unpleasant, hesitat-
ing pauses. There were indeed occa-
sions when he would pause; but not for
want of words. When some striking
thought arrested his attention, which
seemed not to have occurred to him
while preparing his sermon, looking
round on the audience, he would grace-
fully stop. Perhaps he would then relate
some impressive anecdote, or speak with
uncommon eloquence of the glory of the
Divine character, or the love of Christ
in dying for sinners, and the fulness and
freedom of the gospel. This beautiful
passage from Cowper gives a just con-
ception of his pleasing and solemn man-
ner in the pulpit:
"By him the violated law spoke out
Its thunders; and by him, in strains as sweet
As angels use, the gospel whispered peace."

Scarcely a year in the course of his min-
istry elapsed, in which he did not relate
the story of Addison's death, and with
such tenderness of feeling as solemnly to
convince his hearers of the value of the
soul, and the absolute necessity of pre-
paration for the awards of eternity. Ad-
dison, while dying, was informed that an
affectionate nephew, whom he loved, was
in waiting and desired to see him. "Let
him," said Addison, "come to my bed-
side." He did so, and Addison held
out his hand, solemnly addressing to
him this sentence, "See, my young friend,
with what peace a Christian can die."

A circumstance must here be men-
tioned, which strikingly illustrates his
Christian fortitude in trouble, and his
absolute resignation to the will of God.
In the course of two weeks he was called
to bear the loss of two children, who had
attained adult age. The stroke was
heavy, and the wound grievous, like the
piercing of a sword to the heart; the
supports of religion, however, not only
sustained him, but also caused him to
triumph over the trial. The writer lis-
tened, when he took for his text
these words from Romans 8: 18, "For I
reckon that the sufferings of this present
time are not worthy to be compared with
the glory that shall be revealed in us."

His remarks were truly animating, when
he contrasted the light afflictions of this
world with the everlasting blessedness of
the saints in heaven. The congregation
had expected to hear an account of the
mournful state of his mind, but were
delighted with the cheerful picture he
presented of his own feelings in the pros-
pect of that eternal glory, which faith
presented of his animated vision and cer-
tain hope.

Dr. Stillman was indefatigably attentive
to the duties of his ministerial office, find-
ing in the discharge of them his highest
pleasure. He almost uniformly declined
invitations to be present at public festivals,
where toasting and the merriment of song
were accompaniments. For the same
reason he often refused invitations to
large dinner parties, the object of which
was feasting and political discussion
rather than moral improvement. Though
constitutionally cheerful and free in com-
pany, his self-command was so entire,
that he carefully avoided those indiscre-
tions in conversation which were incon-
sistent with the dignities of his calling.
It is not recollected that he ever sustained
any civil or political office, except that he
was a member of the convention of Mas-
sachusetts, which adopted the Federal
Constitution in 1787, having been ear-
nestly solicited to act as a delegate from
Boston. He was active in favor of this
instrument, and made an effective speech
in vindication of it, in which he thanked
his fellow-citizens who had confided to
him so important a trust; adding that he
had no desire for political preferment,
nor would he exchange the pulpit for the
highest honors his country could confer.

His ministry was greatly blessed in
being favored with precious revivals of
religion. The most distinguished of these
occurred in the year 1804 and 1805, when
large accessions were made to his church
and that of the Rev. Dr. Baldwin. Such
general attention then pervaded the city,
that it was found necessary to establish a
lecture on every Lord's-day evening.
The public meetings were deeply solemn,
and so crowded that the aisles of the
house were entirely filled. These lec-
tures were alternately held at the houses
of the First and Second Churches,
the minister of each officiating. The
minds of the people were so deeply im-
pressed with the importance of religion,
and its necessity for the salvation of each
individual, that the delivery of a single
sermon seemed not sufficient to satisfy
the anxiety of the people. As at these
lectures there were two or three preach-

ers in the pulpit, the hearers would re-
main sitting, till another brief address
was delivered. A happy union of effort
pervaded the two societies during the
continuance of the revival, especially in
the labors of the pastors, Stillman and
Baldwin. Dr. Eckley, of the Old South
Church, occasionally preached in this
season, and cheerfully gave his testimony
to the genuineness of the work. It was
the custom, during this extensive revival,
to receive inquirers on the subject of
religion at the house of the ministers, for
the purpose of private conversation.
Each individual could thus freely impart
his feelings, and solicit advice in his par-
ticular circumstance. The writer was
often a witness of the kindness and free-
dom with which this venerated man
would communicate his instructions, sym-
pathizing with the distressed conscience,
and rejoicing with those who gave evidence
of their faith in Jesus to the salvation of
their souls. The writer was on one oc-
casion in his study, when a few who were
candidates for admission into church, had
expressed their faith and hope in Christ
with freedom and cheerfulness. Their
views evidently affecting the pastor's
heart, he looked round most affectionately
upon the little group, and with a smile
of delight thus made known his feelings:
"What a wonderfully strange thing reli-
gion is! How happy it makes us!" His
cheerful countenance indicated his entire
willingness to leave all earthly society
for the presence of Christ in glory. To
one who said, "Sir, I was recently walk-
ing in the street in happy meditation, and
my mind was so delightfully elevated that
heaven appeared to be but a little way
off," "Ah!" replied he, "heaven is not
far off, when we feel right."

Dr. Stillman rapidly advancing in
years, was much impressed with the con-
viction that his ministry would soon end.
He lived about one year after this revival.
The last sermon which he preached, was
from the text found in the 24 chapter of
Luke, 50 and 51 verses—"And Jesus
lifted up his hands, and blessed them.
And it came to pass, while he blessed
them, he was parted from them, and
carried up into heaven." A few hours
previous to his decease, his intimate
friend, the Rev. Dr. Baldwin, who for
sixteen years had enjoyed his society and
wise counsel, called upon him, and ex-
pressed his regret at the prospect of part-
ing. Dr. Stillman, who had not entirely
lost the power of speech, manifested his
absolute resignation in these impressive
words, "God's government is infinitely
perfect." His funeral sermon was preach-
ed by Dr. Baldwin, and his remains
were followed to their resting place by a
large concourse of mourning friends. His
decease took place March 12, 1807.

Baptist Memorial.
For the Christian Reflector.
To a Missionary.
BY H. B. GOWER.

Yes, Christian teacher, go—
It is thy Master's call:
"Preach through the world my word, and lo!
I'm with thee, lest thou fall."
Go seek the wandering soul,
In superstition's maze:
Reveal the blood that makes him whole,
And teach him wisdom's ways.
Declare the unknown Lord
On island, mount and plain;
Tell how he saves us in his word,
From everlasting pain.
O, sing of Jesus' love—
Jesus, the Saviour slain,
Who gladly left the realms above,
Who died—yet lives again.
Sing how he reigns above,
And pleads for sinners there:
Declare the matchless, boundless love,
Which makes our souls his care.
Loud through the earth proclaim—
A rest in heaven remains,
Where saints are blest through Jesus' name,
Where joy eternal reigns.
Though here we meet no more,
Our grateful songs to raise,
Yet we shall meet on Canaan's shore,
And join the ceaseless praise.

Yes, Christian teacher, go,
Still trusting in the Lord:
Thou soon wilt end thy toils below,
And reap a large reward.
Edgarson, Ms.

A Second Moses.

The following beautiful and striking
miniature likeness of that great and good
man, Gideon Ousley, is from the pen of
Dr. Elliott, editor of the Western Christian
Advocate. There was something in
Mr. Ousley's refusing the peerage and
estates of his ancestors, and "choosing
to suffer afflictions with the people of
God," so strange, that we question if
his parallel can be found in all history,

except in the case of Moses. Blessed
man, his reward must be great!
Mr. Ousley was a marvellous man.
He possessed a strong mind, well culti-
vated with a good university education.
He was of a noble family; but became
an itinerant Methodist preacher early in
life, and for about fifty years kept the
field, in labors most abundant. He
preached in the Irish and English lan-
guages with equal fluency. The Irish
language (the opinion of others to the
contrary notwithstanding) is the foremost
language under heaven for the pulpit.
In this he preached with power to those
who understood it. His pulpit perform-
ances usually amounted to twenty-one
each week; two each day, in the open
air, and one each evening, in a church,
house, barn, &c., as the case might be.
He preached thousands of sermons on
horseback, in the markets, at horse-
races, cock-fights, &c.; and when the
multitudes were inclined to leave, which
was seldom the case, he followed them in
their movements. He was often perse-
cuted, way-laid and beat, so as to be left
for dead; but God always raised him up.
The Popish clergy hated him to execra-
tion; and though many attempts were
made on his life, he always escaped, ex-
cept with the loss of one eye. His violent
persecutors mostly came to an untimely
end. So manifest was the hand of God
in his preservation, that the Papists con-
cluded it would not do to kill him, as
by this means he would obtain the
reputation of a martyr. He contro-
verted, most freely, the errors of Popery,
and exposed them unsparingly, always
remembering to point the errorist to the
Lord Jesus Christ for mercy. Many
thousands were converted from Popery
through his instrumentality.

At the death of Sir Gore Ousley, his
uncle, he became heir to his estate and
his peerage; but he relinquished both in
favor of the next heir, and continued his
preaching till death. Few men of the
age equalled him for usefulness and
fidelity.

Sketch of Thomas Clarkson.
I will detain you no longer from Play-
ford Hall, the residence of Thomas
Clarkson. I have never spent 24 hours
more agreeably than at the mansion of
this remarkable man. We approached
the Hall through a beautiful little park
thickly set with trees, which so embosom-
ed the house that we hardly caught a glimpse
of it till our carriage stopped at its gate.
The building was finished the year
America was discovered, 1492, and is in
the quaint style of the olden time. It is
spacious, is surrounded by a mote filled
with water, and its court-yard was for-
merly entered by a drawbridge. The ivy
has crept over its walls and roof, and the
honeysuckle hangs in ringlets round
the arched windows, giving it an aspect
at once beautiful and venerable. Our

Is it Strong enough?
Rev. Dr. Simpson was for many years
tutor in the college at Hoxton, and while
he stood very low in his own estimation,
he ranked high in that of others. After
a long life spent in the service of Christ,
he approached his latter end with holy
joy. Among other expressions which
indicated his love to the Redeemer, and
his interest in the favor of God, he spoke
with disapprobation of a phrase often
used by some good people, "Venturing
on Christ." "When," said he, "I con-
sider the infinite dignity and all-suffi-
ciency of Christ, I am ashamed to talk
of venturing on him. O, had I ten thou-
sand souls I would at this moment cast
all into his hands with the utmost con-
fidence." A few hours before his dissolu-
tion, he addressed himself to the last
enemy, "O death, where is thy sting?"
Displaying his characteristic fervor, as
though he saw the tyrant approaching,
he said, "What art thou? I am not
afraid of thee. Thou art a vanquished
enemy, through the blood of the cross."

To a Missionary.
BY H. B. GOWER.

Yes, Christian teacher, go—
It is thy Master's call:
"Preach through the world my word, and lo!
I'm with thee, lest thou fall."
Go seek the wandering soul,
In superstition's maze:
Reveal the blood that makes him whole,
And teach him wisdom's ways.
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air, and one each evening, in a church,
house, barn, &c., as the case might be.
He preached thousands of sermons on
horseback, in the markets, at horse-
races, cock-fights, &c.; and when the
multitudes were inclined to leave, which
was seldom the case, he followed them in
their movements. He was often perse-
cuted, way-laid and beat, so as to be left
for dead; but God always raised him up.
The Popish clergy hated him to execra-
tion; and though many attempts were
made on his life, he always escaped, ex-
cept with the loss of one eye. His violent
persecutors mostly came to an untimely
end. So manifest was the hand of God
in his preservation, that the Papists con-
cluded it would not do to kill him, as
by this means he would obtain the
reputation of a martyr. He contro-
verted, most freely, the errors of Popery,
and exposed them unsparingly, always
remembering to point the errorist to the
Lord Jesus Christ for mercy. Many
thousands were converted from Popery
through his instrumentality.

At the death of Sir Gore Ousley, his
uncle, he became heir to his estate and
his peerage; but he relinquished both in
favor of the next heir, and continued his
preaching till death. Few men of the
age equalled him for usefulness and
fidelity.

Sketch of Thomas Clarkson.
I will detain you no longer from Play-
ford Hall, the residence of Thomas
Clarkson. I have never spent 24 hours
more agreeably than at the mansion of
this remarkable man. We approached
the Hall through a beautiful little park
thickly set with trees, which so embosom-
ed the house that we hardly caught a glimpse
of it till our carriage stopped at its gate.
The building was finished the year
America was discovered, 1492, and is in
the quaint style of the olden time. It is
spacious, is surrounded by a mote filled
with water, and its court-yard was for-
merly entered by a drawbridge. The ivy
has crept over its walls and roof, and the
honeysuckle hangs in ringlets round
the arched windows, giving it an aspect
at once beautiful and venerable. Our

Is it Strong enough?
Rev. Dr. Simpson was for many years
tutor in the college at Hoxton, and while
he stood very low in his own estimation,
he ranked high in that of others. After
a long life spent in the service of Christ,
he approached his latter end with holy
joy. Among other expressions which
indicated his love to the Redeemer, and
his interest in the favor of God, he spoke
with disapprobation of a phrase often
used by some good people, "Venturing
on Christ." "When," said he, "I con-
sider the infinite dignity and all-suffi-
ciency of Christ, I am ashamed to talk
of venturing on him. O, had I ten thou-
sand souls I would at this moment cast
all into his hands with the utmost con-
fidence." A few hours before his dissolu-
tion, he addressed himself to the last
enemy, "O death, where is thy sting?"
Displaying his characteristic fervor, as
though he saw the tyrant approaching,
he said, "What art thou? I am not
afraid of thee. Thou art a vanquished
enemy, through the blood of the cross."

To a Missionary.
BY H. B. GOWER.

Yes, Christian teacher, go—
It is thy Master's call:
"Preach through the world my word, and lo!
I'm with thee, lest thou fall."
Go seek the wandering soul,
In superstition's maze:
Reveal the blood that makes him whole,
And teach him wisdom's ways.
Declare the unknown Lord
On island, mount and plain;
Tell how he saves us in his word,
From everlasting pain.
O, sing of Jesus' love—
Jesus, the Saviour slain,
Who gladly left the realms above,
Who died—yet lives again.
Sing how he reigns above,
And pleads for sinners there:
Declare the matchless, boundless love,
Which makes our souls his care.
Loud through the earth proclaim—
A rest in heaven remains,
Where saints are blest through Jesus' name,
Where joy eternal reigns.
Though here we meet no more,
Our grateful songs to raise,
Yet we shall meet on Canaan's shore,
And join the ceaseless praise.

Yes, Christian teacher, go,
Still trusting in the Lord:
Thou soon wilt end thy toils below,
And reap a large reward.
Edgarson, Ms.

A Second Moses.

The following beautiful and striking
miniature likeness of that great and good
man, Gideon Ousley, is from the pen of
Dr. Elliott, editor of the Western Christian
Advocate. There was something in
Mr. Ousley's refusing the peerage and
estates of his ancestors, and "choosing
to suffer afflictions with the people of
God," so strange, that we question if
his parallel can be found in all history,

aged host welcomed us at the gate with a patriarchal blessing, leaning, like Jacob, on his staff. He led us to his library, room, and requested us to be seated, one on either side of him, and accept a present of some books. 'This,' said he, handing us his Researches, 'is the work of my old age. And, as if the perusal of it interests you half as much as its composition does, I shall be gratified. I wrote it when suffering under complicated infirmities, and as a means of drawing my mind from those bodily pains with which it pleased Providence to chasten me.' He then wrote our respective names in it, with the ease and readiness of a man of twenty-five. 'And here,' continued he, 'is a book interspersed with elegant plates; most of them portraits of my coadjutors in the work of abolition. This is a likeness of my excellent friend Mr. Wilberforce, now dead. Here is the portrait of Mr. Fox—and an admirable one it is of that great orator and noble man. This is a picture of Mr. Buxton, whose talents and virtues are as exalted as his person.' We spent nearly an hour in threading the walks of the gardens and parks, during which Mr. Clarkson talked with as much vivacity as though not half of eighty-two years had sprinkled their shade and sunshine on his brow. In answer to inquiries about his age, he replied, that he was born just at the close of the reign of George the 2d. 'I have lived,' said he, 'under five sovereigns, and seen the sun of life set on four of them, and my star is twinkling on the verge of the horizon. It must soon go out.' He then gave a hasty sketch of each of these sovereigns, with racy descriptions of many of the great men who had flourished in his time. 'Mr. Pitt, son of Lord Chatham, I knew well. Never were two men more unlike than Pitt and Fox. I have often witnessed their conflicts in the House of Commons. Fox was an able statesman and a genuine friend of liberty, though in regard to the abolition of the slave trade, Pitt was especially sincere with him. You could place implicit confidence in the promises of both of them. Not so Mr. Wyndham. He pledged us his aid in this good work, and then deserted us. He was a testy man, very shrewd and clearheaded, but faithless. Mr. Pitt would gladly have carried the act of abolition, but some of his colleagues in the Cabinet were averse to it, and the king himself was incorrigibly hostile to the measure. Lord Grenville and Mr. Fox forced it upon Parliament, and with the aid of Mr. Pitt, carried it through. I had many interviews with Lord Grenville and Mr. Fox on the subject. Lord Grenville was very cautious and was afraid of Pitt. Fox feared nothing. He was courageous to a fault; and though he had a lion heart, was as mild and accessible as a lamb. I can never lose the impression his eloquence made on my mind. He was terrible in debate. No man could crown the galleries of the House of Commons with so attentive an audience as he. Burke was too much of a sacrifice sense to sound; and in measures, principle to brilliancy. He was too fearful of innovation for the age in which he lived, and we put no reliance upon him in our great struggle for the overthrow of the slave trade, though he rendered us valuable aid.' I inquired if Mr. Wilberforce was an eloquent speaker, remarking that I believed the general impression was that he was not an orator. Mr. Clarkson suddenly stopped, and erecting his bending form to the full height of its commanding person, replied, 'William Wilberforce not an eloquent orator! He was one of the best speakers in Parliament. His voice was as musical as a flute, and his choice words followed each other with a regularity and beauty which made his sentences fall on the ear like the rich swells of an organ. His earnestness and pathos gave him great away merely as an orator.' I asked if his person was not diminutive, and his countenance tame and uninteresting. 'Yes; but then,' and my friend's aged eye kindled with the recollection of the struggles of 1805-6, 'think of the magnitude of his theme! the majesty of his cause!'

In the foregoing, I have given, of course, only the substance of Mr. Clarkson's remarks. I have not time to transcribe my recollections of his shrewd remarks on Lord Brougham, Mr. O'Connell, and other living statesmen. Unlike most old men, Mr. Clarkson prefers to dwell in the present rather than in the past. He takes a lively interest in the current events of both hemispheres, and discusses the affairs of both church and state, with zest and ability which delighted and surprised us. His numerous inquiries concerning the United States were of such a character as showed he had closely watched the rise and progress of our republic. After dwelling with enthusiasm on our rapid growth, great resources, and free system of government, he said, 'Long, long may it be ere a Gibbon shall record your decline and fall!' 'But,' continued he, 'there is one dark cloud on your horizon, which not only obscures your example as a free people, but will destroy your root and branch unless it pass away. I mean slavery. Your mobs too, are disgraceful, and bring into dispute among us the democratic principle. In the name of humanity and liberal institutions, I beseech you to abolish the one, and cease from the other.'

CHRISTIAN REFLECTOR.

BOSTON, WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1842.

Harvest Time.

It is ours to live and act in what may emphatically be termed the harvest time of the world. Never were the fields so ready for a reaper, as now. The minds of men are open, as they were never before, to receive the gospel. The hostility of the human heart is so far overcome, that persecution, which was the constant resort of God's enemies in ancient times, is now rarely attempted. The missionary enters the hut of the savage and passes by the pagoda of the idolater in perfect safety. There is scarcely a spot on earth, where he may not go, and be treated kindly. To almost all places men will stop to listen—will give the attentive ear, if not the responsive heart. Wherever the Bible is translated it is heard. And few, if any, whom we have sent forth as messengers of salvation to those that sit in darkness, will say that they have labored in vain or spent their strength for naught. In some of the wide spread fields before us there is more than a readiness to hear; there is an eagerness to become acquainted with the religion of Jesus, which is secularly encouraging. For even a fragment of the Bible a heathen has pleaded with ears, and the cry, "send us teachers—send us books," is wafted on western breezes and across the vastness of Africa. Surely it is harvest time.

Again, there was never a period before when the commercial relations of the world made all countries and regions accessible, as they do now. China, so long closed to the Christian, is open. To her benighted millions the missionary of the cross easily finds his way. O, what a rich harvest does China present to the reapers! Think of her three hundred millions, all speaking the same language, and governed by the same laws, and all in a state of darkness—to enlighten and save her souls and her daughters? But the harvest has no limitations. The field is the world. Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature. All nations are now accessible. All nations are linked into a common brotherhood. Their localities, characteristics, and conditions are known. The arts and discoveries, which constitute the distinguishing feature of the age, are subservient to our purposes. A copy of the Bible, which a few hundred years ago cost the wages of a common day laborer, for twenty years, is now an equivalent, perhaps, to the wages of a single day. The church could put the blessed book into every family on the face of the globe, and be none the poorer—none the less able to meet other demands. Amid such relations, such facilities, such earnest calls, who can sit unmoved—unalarmed? Whose soul is not fired for the enterprise? Who does not ask for a sickle? Who does not, as he surveys the whitened fields, so ready for harvest, lift his eye to his Master and say—Here am I; send me.

The American Board, and the American Baptist Board.

The recent action of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions touching the question of slavery, seems to have given forth general satisfaction. It has called forth no stern rebukes—no cries of "disunion"—no public expressions of regret. The religious press notices it, to a great extent, with decided approbation. This action was brought about by respectful memorials from the friends of emancipation, repeatedly presented, which had reference to the endorsement of Colonization by the Board, to their employment of a slave-holding missionary, and to their solicitation of funds from slaveholders. The result is—The Board has virtually divorced its missions from the American Colonies. It has declared that its missionaries shall be free from all participation in the sin of slave-holding. It repeats its declaration that it can "sustain no relation to slavery, which implies approbation of the system, and as a Board, can have no connection or sympathy with it."—Such is the feeling of at least all the active friends of emancipation, among the Baptists of our country, that the occupancy of the same ground by the American Baptist Board would without a doubt, afford them the sincerest gratification. As this Board, however, has never yielded its influence to further or support the Colonization scheme, and employs no slave-holding missionary, it cannot properly be asked to take any action on these particular points. Memorials have been proposed, but we know not as any have devised their precise form or limitations. It is the opinion of many that the Board in its official capacity has little if anything to do, beyond a most careful adherence to its original ground of neutrality. It should not take sides with the slaveholder against the abolitionist, nor vice versa. It has not done this as yet, by any official act, but some of its members, in connection with others of its friends, have for its sake, done what amounts to this, and abolitionists

consider them responsible on the part of the Board. Hence the dissatisfaction which resulted in the appointment of a Provisional Committee, and which still threatens a new missionary organization. It is known however that some of those brethren have long regretted that step, and especially the use made of it by slaveholders. The feelings of one (Rev. H. Jackson) have been made known to our readers. Similar explanations and avowals from others have been anxiously looked for, but whether they are forthcoming is more than we can say.

But the question has been asked, what if our Missionary Board were to dissolve ties with slavery as fully and publicly as has the American Board? What if it should take action, at its next session, no less unequivocal and decided? On this subject, the Rev. C. E. Wilson of New Jersey has written us a communication, which at least can do no harm if published, and which perhaps expresses the views of many others. He is full in the belief that such action would unite the whole North, and adds,

But it may be said, if the Board were to make such an announcement, the co-operation of the South would be denied. Many of our Southern brethren would not withdraw, as they have no fellowship for slavery than we have; and those who would withdraw, in all probability will, without any announcement. But no degree of perspicacity is requisite to foresee, that a missionary organization approving slavery, could not long be sustained.

Again: it may be said, the desired action would not satisfy all the abolitionists. Admitting it would not (though I believe it would), those who would refuse to co-operate with the Board, could not long sustain a distinct missionary organization, as every just cause of secession would be removed.

It may be further said, if the Baptist Board were to take the same ground the American Board have taken, they would cease to be neutral in their official capacity, on the subject of slavery. Admitting this, if harmony in the denomination would be promoted, and the cause of missions greatly subserved, by their taking this ground, the objection cannot be urged successfully.

It may also be said, as the Board have taken no action pro or con in regard to slavery, they cannot reasonably be required to take such action; and especially, as it would be offensive to a portion of our Southern brethren. Though the Board have taken no official action on the subject, yet some of the movements at the last Triennial Convention in Baltimore, wounded deeply the feelings of thousands of the abolitionists, who became these movements were designed to express a decided disapprobation of their active operations against slavery. Now, such being the feeling of so many of the brethren (and even of many who continue to co-operate with the Board), surely it is a question, may reasonably ask the Board to take some action for the removal of these grievances; and especially, as the most decided official action on their part against slavery, would not be morally deng, and would not unjustly wound the feelings of any of our Southern brethren.

I would again say, should the Board take the action they are desired to take, the hearty co-operation of the abolitionists of the North would be secured, and the co-operation of all the brethren at the South retained, excepting those who would be likely to withdraw whether the action be taken or not; the harmony of the denomination, especially at the North, would be greatly promoted; the cause of missions much subserved; and the ground in relation to Foreign Missions so completely cleared, that the question of secession, whether North or South, would be removed.

Now in view of existing facts, whether it is not the duty of our Board, to take action in regard to slavery, as decided as the American Board have taken, is a grave question, demanding the prayerful consideration of the brethren. An utter disregard of this may incur a fearful amount of responsibility in relation both to slavery and the cause of missions. C. W. Wilson.

Haddonfield, N. J. Nov. 8, 1842.

Liberty of the Press.

The citizens of the South, who are attached to slave-holding, seem determined to array every Northern press and every Northern man, against them. If they keep on, their domestic institutions will soon have one solitary supporter, or even apologist, beyond their own limits. Read the following from the New World, a popular journal of New York city.

"THE LIBERTY OF THE PRESS.—The agent of the New World at Charleston, S. C., writes to a pitious letter, in which he states that he had been held to bail in the sum of one thousand dollars on the complaint of the South Carolina Association for having sold a certain number of our journal, containing a discourse by the late Rev. William E. Channing on Emancipation in the West Indies. In what age are we living? Is this a free country? Do our Southern friends think to perpetuate their peculiar institution by measures like this? Do they stand in dread of a mild, elevated, Christian discourse, setting forth facts relative to a foreign country?"

"Is this a free country?" Why, Mr. World—why do you ask that question? Have you never before felt the galling of your yassalage? Know you not that we are a nation of slaves—the victims of another's usurpation and of our own timidity? Know you not that tyranny has planted her iron foot on the neck of the people, and threatened resistance with annihilation? Why, my dear sir, you must ask your master, the South, what you may print, circulate or sell—always; if you do not, you or your agents are liable any hour to be arraigned, fined, imprisoned, lynched, or murdered. Strange you were not mindful of this before you committed that offence—You ask, too, if our Southern friends "think to perpetuate their peculiar institution by measures like this?" How else shall they defend them? The only way to sustain a system of wrongs is to keep from the people a knowledge of the right. Those whose deeds are evil, love darkness, and must have it. If they come to the light or suffer the light to come to them, their deeds will be reformed. There is nothing of which Southerners are now so afraid, as of abolitionists in their own midst. And Channing's Address on Emancipation is just the thing to make them by hundreds. That a discourse is "mild, elevated, Christian"—if it be as unequivocal, instructive, and pointed, as that—does not diminish its edge or prevent its execution. But true it is that such attempts to keep out the truth are little better than its unrestricted circulation. Every such instance makes abolitionists, and is not, perhaps, therefore, to be much regretted.

A Good Example.

Christians can be missionaries for the world. What fields for labor—what opportunities for usefulness—are constantly presented to those who are willing to work. Among the bright examples of combined and useful effort which have recently been seen, is the announcement that the Young Men's Bible Society of Cincinnati, among other operations, such as supplying the steamboats on the Ohio River

with Bibles, during the present year, have explored every ward in that city, with a view to putting a Bible into every family. They found about 500 families destitute of the Word of God, between 300 and 400 of which they supplied, the remainder—Papists mostly—refusing to receive them.

Extracts from the Report OF THE BOSTON BAPTIST SABBATH SCHOOL. Read at the Annual Meeting, Oct. 14th, 1842, by Rev. Wm. Hoar, LOCAL SCHOOL.

In the Friend Street School there are 34 teachers and 234 scholars; Joshua Lincoln, Superintendent. "During the year," says the report, "our usual labors have been continued, and with some degree of success. In some instances the grand object of Sabbath school labor, the conversion of the soul to God, has been gained. During the winter much interest was manifested by the scholars; and the inquiry was often heard, 'What shall we do to be saved?' and we hope that 14 found peace in believing on the Lord Jesus. A number of them have made a profession of religion, and are walking consistently in the way of the Lord. Our teachers' meetings are well attended, and we find them refreshing seasons. We feel disposed at this season to engage in a faithful work, believing that it will not be in vain in the Lord."

During the year the larger portion of the school have taken the total abstinence pledge. This is a mission station. It was originated, and has been sustained, for the express benefit of the destitute. It has been kept up by a missionary spirit. Those have assumed its responsibilities who love to work. The young are rising up to bless them. A wider extension of their efforts requires better accommodations. The Commercial Street School, formerly held in Hanover Avenue, has for some time been in a more flourishing condition than in any former year; B. Abrahams, Superintendent. "When the place which we occupied was sold to the city, we were without a place to meet, and we were on the point of giving up, when a worthy brother of the Second Church opened his doors and gave us the best accommodation that he had, saying, it is at your service if you can do good to the destitute. Such a welcome was unexpected and cheering when turned into the street by others through fear of a little money. Our room is spacious, though not the most lately finished or furnished. Last year the school suffered for want of teachers. The number of teachers was so reduced, and we seemed to be overlooked by our brethren, that we were about giving up. But God in mercy has raised up and added to us a faithful band, who feel it a privilege as well as a duty to labor in this part of his vineyard." The hour is not forgotten when the question was put to a company of 4 or 5 teachers by a member of this Board, "shall the school be given up?" "No," was the unhesitating reply. From that hour till the present, success has attended every effort. The school is composed chiefly of the foreign population. There are now 26 teachers and 65 scholars. We hope for greater things.

The Broad Street School has 7 teachers and 35 scholars. It would have been erased from our list but for the untiring patience and Christian fidelity of that small company of teachers. They have labored from principle for years under the greatest discouragements of any school in this city. When asked if the school should be discontinued, the uniform prompt answer from them has been, "No." When told by other Christians, who will neither work themselves in the field, nor do anything to encourage others, that they were doing nothing, they were their duty to leave and teach the children of other professors, they have claimed the right of being their own judges in this matter; and they enjoy the approval of a good conscience in deciding as they have. Many Christians during the year have looked in upon them on the Sabbath, and coldly turned away, for they have seen but a few exceedingly destitute and ignorant children, waiting to be taught the way of life. Such a group would attract the Saviour and his apostles. They might excite sympathy now were they removed to some foreign shore. It is worthy of remark that these teachers have labored in this school 5, 6 and 8 years, and have retained a full class. They could do no more were they in one of our most flourishing schools; they could not have these with whom they are so destitute. If these 6 or 7 can retain a class, cannot others do the same, and thus sustain a school? There is but one thing needed.

Shall these teachers be left to labor alone another year? They will not complain if the Board will continue their limited aid so that they can meet their charge, but there are those who will complain; a large company of vicious, profane, lawless, Sabbath breaking youth. Who can meet them in the streets and not feel reproved? Who will wish to meet them in judgment, after they have lived in the same street and city with us, and died amidst Christian institutions unbled by any?

The Tremont St. School has 7 teachers and 58 scholars. The Superintendent, H. E. Lincoln, remarks, "our school during the year has had its changes of interest and decline more than in previous years. Early in the present year three or four expressed a hope that they had passed from death unto life, and still give good evidence of such a change. Since last year, however, the school has been on a decline. Several persons have taken classes with us apparently interested in the cause, but their zeal has soon abated so that they have left their posts. The school has suffered greatly from this change of teachers. At the present time the number of teachers and scholars is smaller than at any time for two years. We can hardly say with reference to this interest, as our Saviour said in his day, The poor have the gospel preached to them. There are however sources of encouragement with us. Some of the scholars give very serious attention to their instruction, and some of the parents are inquiring what they shall do to be saved. What we need is more teachers. Shall we have them?"

The West Centre Street School has been sustained with interest through the year; Dr. Leach, Superintendent. Changes are now being made in this school under the direction of the Board, which will be the subject of future report. The present number of teachers is 14—scholars, 100. Ten have hopefully been the subjects of renewing grace. The teachers are much interested in sustaining the school, and wish to enlarge their efforts. There is at the present time special claims upon the churches for more teachers, as the Board contemplate enlarging their efforts. The secretary will be happy to explain what is needed here and at other stations.

Blossom Street School. Number of teachers returned, 20—scholars, 120. H. W. Day, Superintendent. This school has increased and is prospering. "One teacher has commenced studying for the ministry. All the families connected with this school are visited frequently.

Some families have moved far away, but their children are so much attached to the school that they continue to come.

"An extra half hour is devoted to singing, which we find very beneficial. We use David's Harp. About nine months since, as a means of doing good and for the special benefit of such of our boys as have indulged a hope, we formed what we call 'the young Christian's friend society.' The constitution and by-laws are not unlike the regulations of a Christian church. At a recent meeting more than 20 were present. The meetings, two in a week, are attended by the superintendent. We still hold a meeting in our room Sabbath forenoon. Teachers remain and aid in carrying it on. Teachers' meetings are regularly and promptly attended. The whole school, with few exceptions, is a temperance society.

We find it a better plan to supply scholars with testaments at 6 cents each, and hymn books at 3 cts each, than to have books owned by the school, or kept in the library to loan. Six teachers and three scholars have been baptized, others are waiting to follow in the same ordinance.

We try to make our government as much like that of the Supreme Governor of the universe as possible; viz., to make righteous laws and see that they are obeyed. We do not approve of expelling scholars from school. We have had difficult cases, but we have been successful in managing them. We enjoy much peace and Christian fellowship, and feel that we labor for a good Master." It is added, "ten more good teachers can soon be supplied with classes."

Milton Street School embraces 19 teachers and 142 scholars; W. S. Darnell, Superintendent. "The school is sustained with interest, and during the winter and spring," says the Secretary, "there was much attention to religion, especially among the girls. Ten were hopefully converted. Death has taken but one of our flock, and he left a strong assurance that he was prepared for the summons! The deportment of a portion of our school is worthy of commendation. Their lessons are well studied, and they are diligent and attentive. We cannot say the same of some of the boys. They are careless, inattentive, and sometimes disobedient."

"It is a fact worthy of remark," adds the Secretary, "that our best scholars are those who have parents that assist them in preparing their lessons. If each one of our scholars had a father or mother who felt interested enough in the Sabbath school to sit down and help them study their lesson, we should have a very different school, and many a teacher who now labors under discouragements, would find his duties made lighter and more pleasant."

We have now presented the information in our possession as furnished by each school. Many interesting facts might be added would our limits permit.

We submit the following statistics. Number of schools 15, teachers 406, scholars 2737. The number receiving instruction 2917. Increase during the year 36 teachers and 332 scholars. Conversion of teachers 16, conversion of scholars 273.

It is highly gratifying and encouraging to your Board, as it must be to others, that we are able this year as in preceding years to report quite a large increase of teachers and scholars. There has been no falling back in this cause for years, but a steady advance. Your Board would confidently hope that more will be done in the ensuing years, as large accessions have been made to the churches. Surely there are enough to supply all the destitute classes, so that we may not hereafter hear the cry so often repeated, "Come over and help us."

With two or three exceptions the rooms in which the schools meet will accommodate more classes. What is needed is Christian enterprise to fill up these unoccupied seats. Never has there been a more critical time for our youth than the present. Our population is increasing and there is consequently an increase of means for corrupting and destroying the young. There is also an increase of moral power in our midst, and all that is necessary is to call forth that power, and we can elevate the standard of moral feeling, and keep it far above that in any of our cities. Give this institution its proper share of strength, and corresponding results shall be seen. It reaches a very numerous class that are not affected by other instituted means of grace, and carries salvation to many families that would otherwise be left unbled.

In reviewing the past year, there is great cause for gratitude and thanksgiving to God for his concurring grace, which has borne so signally manifest in all our schools. In no year since the existence of the schools have so many been hopefully regenerated. Many are here to night who can rejoice over their shames, and if others are sowing in tears, let this fulfillment of God's promise increase their faith, and be a sacred pledge to them of similar joy. God is now as ready to bless his truth as in months that are past.

For the Christian Reflector.

Thanksgiving Day in Salem.

DEAR BRO. GRAVES, I trust you and your readers will rejoice to know what the Lord is doing in Salem. This has been truly a thanksgiving day. Instead of the usual sermon on such occasions, the Rev. Mr. Barnard's house of worship was opened in the morning, and the singing and gratitude of the Christian community was heard in all our schools. It was in truth a happy meeting, from which many were loath to depart. Husbands were rejoicing at the recent conversions of wives, wives for husbands—parents for children, and children for parents—brothers, sisters, relatives and friends were ready to mingle tears of joy with expressions of gratitude for what the Lord has done for them and theirs.

You are aware that Bro. Knapp has been laboring with the Second Church (Mr. Barnard's) for two weeks past. Glorious results are following his labors here, as elsewhere, so that many are constrained to exclaim, "We never saw it on this fashion."

Through the blessing of God on the labors of Bro. Barnard and a few praying souls, some cases of conversion had occurred previous to the arrival of Bro. K. and probably from 50 to 100 had taken the seats for prayer; but on his commencing his labors a shower of mercy descended, so that, literally, there was not room enough to receive it. The house was too small, and would not accommodate near all that were pressing to hear the word of life. An increasing solemnity pervades, not only this society, but the work is spreading in every direction. Deep foundations are being moved—the fallow ground of many a heart, broken up—and foundations that have long been sealed, are now sending forth tears both of sorrow and of joy.

We cannot as yet estimate numbers, but I think may safely say that there are at least 100 converts, and 200 inquirers. These are from the various evangelical societies of the city—some from Unitarians and Universalists. It is very gratifying to see the Congregational clergy of the city come in and contribute their prayers and efforts for the advancement of the cause. They are already sharing in the fruits of this precious revival season. Brethren Nasle, Turnbull, and Caldwell were also here from Boston during the present week, and gave an impulse to the work by bidding us "God speed."

An interesting feature of this revival is, that a great proportion of the converts and inquirers are aged, and heads of families. The revival commenced among the sober and thinking class, but has already embraced some, who rarely ever before either feared God or regarded man. Those who have been in the habit of shunning the house of God, and spending the Sabbath in selfish gratifications, or vain amusements, are now devout worshippers in the sanctuary. Many a family altar has been erected, in some cases whole families have been made the happy participants of new and unknown joys. O, what delightful changes are these. One man testified, this morning, that he had lived to see fifty thanksgiving days, forty-five of which he remembered, but he never enjoyed a thanksgiving day before. Two elderly ladies, near the borders of the grave, testified nearly the same.

The work has also reached seamen. One sea captain remarked that this was the first thanksgiving day he had enjoyed for 25 years of his service—another for 15 years—and other seamen were rejoicing that they were now prepared to go forth and carry the glad news of salvation to distant climes. One young man, belonging to a vessel now in this port, went to hear Elder Knapp one evening last week—was converted—returned to his vessel, and by 10 o'clock at night was converted, giving glory to God.

The Washingtonians are also sharing in the work. A remarkable case of conversion occurred among the class last evening. A man of about fifty years of age, who has scrupulously adhered to his temperance pledge for about a year, was so much distressed, during the season of prayer at the inquiry meeting, as to cry aloud for prayer. Prayer was offered for him by Bro. Knapp, and he arose, filled with the love of God, shouting—"Bless the Lord!" "O my soul!"—"bless the Lord!"—"O bless the Lord!"

I should be glad to enumerate more particular cases, were it not that I should make my communication too long. I cannot refrain however from referring to the singing choir. Some 10 or 12 have recently entertained a hope, and I trust their talents are now consecrated to the Lord—prepared to sing with pure hearts and more elevated aims. O, that all who thus sing the songs of Zion, and lead in these devotional exercises, may be fitted to join with the countless millions, who in glory shall sing, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain for us!"

The First Church are sharing to some degree in the work. Pray for us, dear brother, that we may yet see greater things than these.

O. R.

According to Ability.

Says one, "If the receipts of the Lord's treasury are traced to their source, it will appear that the rich do not give the greater part of the gross amount; it is made up of the widows' mites, and the free-will offerings of the thousands of warm-hearted Christians who are poor in this world's goods, but rich in faith." Very true; and it is both an honor and an encouragement to the poor, that they have toiled and denied themselves to sustain this glorious enterprise, and that by their united efforts they can be so successful; but it is an honor to the rich, that they can be so successful. Does not God require of each according to his ability? Is it not accepted according to that ability? Is it the divine plan that some be eased and others burdened, in carrying on this work? Brethren, let us all remember that if we share in the blessings of the covenant, we share in the responsibilities of the Christian relative, and must live not unto ourselves. If all the wealthy merchants, and independent farmers of our country, would do as much in proportion to their ability as do some poor pastors, and some private members, who live and perhaps support their families by their daily earnings, the Lord's treasury would be filled to overflowing. And when we remember that each Christian has professed to give himself and all that he has to the Lord, and when, too, we reflect on the grace of Him, who though he was rich, yet for our sakes became poor, how can we close our ears against the cry of the perishing, and refuse the full proportion required of all we possess?

M. H. Smith's Book on Universalism.

We would ask the Christian Freeman if he light reflected from the pages of "Universalism Examined" &c. and never heard of M. H. Smith, till we received that volume from the publishers? Why, my dear sir, we have been familiar with the opinions and practices of Universalists from childhood; we have resided in Universalist families; we have read sermons and expositions by Universalist writers almost innumerable; we knew M. H. Smith when he was preaching Universalism at Hartford; we have known him constantly since; and we know enough of his brother, D. D. S., to be about as much impressed with his statement (published as a document of great value, by the Freeman), that the book, lectures, and stories of Matthew are not to be relied upon, as we should be by a declaration from the Freeman that the doctrine of future punishment is not to be relied upon. As to those "stories"—especially those which relate to the morals of Universalists, if they are not true, we could tell some no more favorable, which we know are true. We readily admit that they are not true of all Universalists, but for this, in our opinion, no thanks to Universalism. The moral principles defended, and amiable spirit generally exhibited, by the Christian Freeman, indicate most favorably of its Editor, and we cannot avoid the impression that the time is not far remote when he will renounce and recede of false and unchristian positions, and receive the testimony of Christ and his apostles just as it is given. But if the gospel be hid, it is hid to them that are lost."

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The Rev. J. M. Peck, again.

This gentleman writes us, that "in all his remarks (in the Banner and Pioneer) he carefully distinguished between the Garrison and Abby Kelly semi-infidel abolitionists—the Third Party Political abolitionists—and the Baptist Abolition Convention and its adherents. Of the latter," he says, "I said nothing."

We would simply ask our brother if, in the articles he published in the Banner with reference to the aims of this part of the country, previous to the paper of October 6th, he did not design to leave the impression on the minds of his readers that abolitionists, en masse, were deserving only of contempt. Did he not design we should all suffer, more or less, from the odium so profusely heaped on the two classes designated? The very fact that he "said nothing," that he made no exception of those Christian abolitionists, who properly belong to neither party, implies this—also the sweeping assertion of his letter to us, just received; in which he says, "Personal attacks on ministers, and on all societies and individuals, has characterized abolitionism from the first movement of W. L. Garrison. His image and superscription unfortunately is placed on every department of its operations." We would further ask Mr. P. if we did not give him the credit of retracting somewhat, in the last paper referred to, (which was dated we believe Oct. 6th) from the wholesale classifications and charges of his previous epistles, and if we did not quite correctly, word for word, what he says in that article concerning the Rev. Elon Galusha. And since his treatment of Mr. Galusha's good name is the only thing in that article criticized, we beg leave to know what obligation binds us to fill up our columns by copying the article entire?

Slavery in Massachusetts was abolished in 1780, on the adoption of the constitution, but it was scarcely recognized as existing for many years previous. The idea of chattering men and women seems always to have been repugnant to New Englanders, at least so long as they staid at home. Our granite hills, and rock-bound coasts, and free, bracing air, were evidently never intended for slaves. And strange it is that the sons of the pilgrims have ever become friendly, or even reconciled, to the wrongs of oppression, on being transferred to the plantations of the South. What is there on the wide earth that can take away the odiousness of slavery—that can cover up its wrongs, or hide its enormities, or render it sufferable even for a day?

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Latimer and the Daily Bee.

The reputation of the Bee, a daily paper of this city, has greatly and justly suffered, by the course it has pursued with reference to George Latimer, and his Virginia pursuer. That course every true Bostonian—every honest man—must unqualifiedly condemn. Hard, we opine, will be the fate of him, who seeks an honorable livelihood in Boston, at the expense of innocent suffering and in conflict with the sympathies of the people. This is not the place (Heaven grant it never may be!) to take sides with the oppressor, against the oppressed. The Christian Freeman speaks well concerning the Bee in this matter—"Whose joy for Latimer's freedom is turned into wormwood, because Gray has gone home without a full equivalent for his man?" "We would ask that editor," says the Freeman, "if your son were kidnapped, and sold into the South, would you coolly weigh his liberty against the price which he cost his pretended owner? Or if the father should die insolvent, would you have the children sold into slavery for means to pay the debts, rather than the creditors should lose their demands? He who estimates human liberty by dollars and cents, is the most fit subject to be a slave."

Important and Alarming.

A communication in Zion

Literary.

The Two Knights, OR SATAN'S ESTIMATE OF AUTHORS.

I had just returned from an evening call. The friend whom I had visited and his companion were both persons of undoubted piety; but I left their dwelling with no very favorable opinion of their literary taste, to say the least. Their judgment in the selection of books to be the companions of their children, appeared to me exceedingly defective. Some of the works of taste lying upon their parlor table, were, on the score of morals, lamentably exceptionable.

Under the influence of the sensations produced by this visit, I entered my study, where I fell into a very quiet state, perhaps, (if there is such a point,) about mid-way between slumbering and waking. The current of ideas which at this time passed through my mind, I have thought might be worth something, especially to such as desire to be governed in their literary selections by moral principle. This chain of cogitations you may call by what name you please—a reverie—a brown study—a vision—a dream—an allegory. I shall call it a dream. If any one, however, after reading it, should surmise that it is "not all a dream," I shall not quarrel with him. I am not so particular about names as things. But one word I will venture to premise for the benefit of any thus skeptically inclined—and I think I can do it without arrogance—I have known scores of dreams less sensible than this:—

THE DREAM.

I seemed to be in the midst of an immense crowd. A few rods from the place where I stood, I noticed a splendid edifice, with a lofty tower and large Corinthian columns. What that building was, I could not ascertain; though I have reason to believe it was not an orthodox church. It was not long before I learned what had brought so many together. There was a bulletin upon one of the columns of the edifice, that everybody wanted to see. I was carried along with the current, until I approached near enough to read the bulletin. A very strange document it proved to be. Though I did not transcribe it at the time, I think I can recollect it pretty well, for it made a deep impression upon my mind. It was nearly as follows:

"By his Satanic Majesty, Diabolus, [and here followed a long list of titles—'Prince of Darkness,' 'Enemy of Righteousness,' 'Arch-Apostate,' and a dozen besides.] a Proclamation: We have observed with pleasure the efforts of our most loyal subjects in this degenerate age, to extend and maintain the authority of our government. Such efforts will have their reward.

"Although, during the last three or four centuries, through the influence of certain ill-disposed persons, some of our subjects have been excited to revolt, yet the pure principles for which we sacrificed our crown in heaven have been steadily advancing. The cause of immorality and irreligion was never more prosperous than at present.

"Our attention has been recently directed more particularly to the powerful influence of the press. It has ever been a source of regret to us that the art of printing was discovered; but since it has been, and a great proportion of mankind manifest a strong disposition to read, we strictly enjoin it upon all authors in our realm, to increase their exertions, and to endeavor to fill the world with impious publications.

"Particular attention should be paid to the department of Poetic Literature. The demand for works of taste is every year becoming greater; and it is of the highest importance that these works should be the organs of our infernal principles. The heaven of vice and immorality should be infused into them, all with great caution and prudence, of course, but always in quantities sufficient to cause the ruin of the soul. These books should be circulated industriously in families of literary taste. Pains should be taken to adapt them to the refined and polished, as well as to the vulgar; and thus the influence of that sickly, morbid literature, which has done so much injury to our cause, will be counteracted, and these exceptionable works entirely eradicated.

"To encourage this class of authors, we have determined to confer on the person who shall be most industrious and successful in this department, for the period of five years from this date, the honor of knighthood."

This document was signed and sealed in the usual form of course.

I was surprised that any should feel ambitious of such an honor; but from the remarks I heard, I judged that not a few considered it worth contending for.

It was a long time before I could retreat from the crowd; and I have no recollection of anything that transpired after my escape, till I found myself in a spacious hall, filled with people to suffocation.

At one end of this hall was a throne of considerable splendor, occupied by a potentate, who, from the description of him with which I had been familiar from my childhood, I immediately recognized as Satan himself. There he sat—

"With what permissive glory since his fall
Was left him."

Behind and on either side were his peers. There was a great show of royalty, to say the least. The idea instantly occurred to me, that the time had arrived for the bestowment of the order of knight-

hood upon the successful candidate. What became of the five years that had passed since I read the proclamation, I am unable to determine—these dreams play us strange freaks. But I am not answerable for their chronology.

It seemed that each candidate was to proclaim his own exploits, much after the fashion of political aspirants in some portions of our republic. This struck me as rather queer at first; but I recollected that it was one of the rules of this sage anarchy, to put darkness for light, and light for darkness. This explained all.

The preliminaries of this "world's convention" were at length settled. It was decided that the authors should present their claims in Latin. That language, according to the herald, was most agreeable to the royal ear. His Majesty had contracted a strong partiality for it about the year 752 of the Christian era; and it had been a favorite language with him ever since. The candidates commenced.

One said he had been employed most of the time during the five years, in making ballads. He had thrown into them a generous quantity of immorality, profaneness and licentiousness; and he flattered himself, as his works had been widely spread, especially among the vulgar, he had produced a powerful result.

Another claimed the honor on the ground of what he had done for infidelity. In all his works, he said—and they had been quite numerous—he had scattered the seed of skepticism. That seed, he had occasion to know, had taken deep root in many minds, and a rich harvest had been gathered from it.

One was quite laconic in telling his story. "I am the author of the 'Age of Reason,' sire," said he, and sat down. The secretary replied, rather humorously, "That is the most polite literature you ever wrote, is it, sir?" There was a general laugh at this *jeu d'esprit*.

Among the applicants was a long string of minor poets. There seemed to be no end to them. As the herald introduced them severally to the assembly, I noticed the names of some with whose literary wares I had been acquainted: I thought I noticed the name of an English laureate or two; but as I was at some distance from the throne, I might have been mistaken. One of this plebeian tribe, with a miniature rhyming dictionary protruding from his pocket, and half a yard of solid linen for a collar, detailed his literary excellences in verse. I can remember only the first couplet. It ran thus:

"And stand unrivaled as a poet,
And all the universe must know it."

Modest creatures these verse-makers! There were several candidates who called themselves philosophers. They seemed to make a sort of demi-god of reason. I wondered Satan was not offended at such homage—it certainly had a smack of treason in it. But I was told that he considered these men among the most orthodox of his subjects. I heard the names of only a few of them; though I could not help noticing that most of them were very genteel, and that their Latin had a little of the French accent. They prated largely about the service they had rendered his Majesty's literature. They had invented a kind of metaphysical-religious cant, which had been patented, and was highly approved. They had accomplished a wonderful reformation in morals, if we might credit their statements. I could not help thinking, that if Job had been there, he would have said, "No doubt ye are the people, and wisdom will die with you!"

New York had numerous representatives. Among them was one who declared he had written one hundred and fifty-nine sailor's songs, exalting so strong an odor of vice, that the tars themselves, though they were not notorious for strict morals, sometimes committed them to the flames. I expected to see the editors of two or three penny papers there. But I was disappointed. I inquired of one who stood near me the reason of their absence, and was told that they did not consider themselves included in the proclamation. Another gentleman informed me that some two or three of these editors were quite dissatisfied at their exclusion; and one was quite confident he would have been the victor, if there had been no restriction to what was polite. My informant, too, thought the editor would in that case have "stood a pretty fair chance."

An individual from one of the publishing houses in that city—I could not learn which—inquired if publishers were included. "No," was the answer, "those in our interest do not seem to need much encouragement. They are industrious enough already."

But I cannot recollect half of what I heard. It would fill a large volume. There was one gentleman with a broad collar and a very interesting countenance, who was enthusiastic in pleading his claims to knighthood. He held in his hand a book, bound in morocco, and elegantly gilded. He began by saying, "I have not loved the world, nor the world me."

This sentence procured for him a shower of applause. When it had subsided, his Majesty graciously rose, and in a tone of great apparent sympathy, completed the couplet thus:

"Thou has loved Satan well, and Satan thee."
The compliment, *ex calcedra*, had a wonderful effect with the gilded octavo. It seemed greatly to encourage and stimulate him. He proceeded: "I have hated everything and every body, almost, but myself. I have given unrestrained

license to my appetites and passions. I belong to the nobility of England. Much service have I rendered that nation; but I was unfortunate, and my ungrateful countrymen banished me to a foreign shore. Transplanted into a soil more congenial to the development of my principles, and inspired with a true Satanic zeal, I have lent all my influence—and I flatter myself it is not inconsiderable—to annihilate virtue and purity. I have sung in numbers soft and sweet; and thousands have been enraptured with the melody. My poems have found an easy access to the dwellings of the great. The sweetness of my song has attracted even the bigoted Christian. He has overlooked the moral tendency of my effusions, in his admiration of their literary excellence. I could point to scores of instances that have come under my own observation, in which the poison has taken effect. I have vitiated the moral taste of the young. I have myself placed in their bosom the worm that never dies. By universal consent, almost, I am allowed to be one of the most accomplished libertines of any age or country; and yet I have the faculty of painting vice in the attire of virtue. I can describe it in such a manner, that a Puritan, before he is aware, will be in love with it. [Here he read numerous extracts from the book with the morocco cover, which he held in his hand.] Put this book into the hands of a youth whose principles are not firmly established; and let who will be security for his soul—I will not."

He said more, but what I have repeated is characteristic of the whole, with this exception, that the oaths and double entendres, as the grammarians say, sometimes of Greek particles, "elegantly omitted."

Another Englishman rose. "Most mighty prince, and noble peers," said he, "I shall trouble you with my literary productions but a moment. They speak for themselves, and are too well known to need ought of my praise. In all my works—and I know not how many barrels of ink have flowed from my pen—I have studied eloquence. If the English language can boast a more beautiful prose writer, I confess I know not who it is. What if I have written 'England and the English,' [hear, hear] and every now and then thrown into it a double handful of morality and religion. I did it to 'catch gulls' Ay, and I caught them, too. Is not 'Paul Clifford' the offspring of my pen? Does not 'Ernest Maltravers' call me father? I repeat it, I have nothing to say in praise of these works. They are their own heralds. Carlyle's quaint compliment to Shakespeare—the greatest thing we English have done yet—ought to have been paid to me. Immorality I have scattered more or less profusely in all my novels; but 'Falkland' is my masterpiece. [Cries of 'Yes, yes—Satan could not have done it better.' Tell me if I have not thus undermined and depreciated the base currency of virgin innocence by wholesale! Falkland's morals are as dark as the pit. There is not a fiend in hell but would blush at them; and yet this elegance of the composition gives them attractiveness. I have used stratagem in taking my game. I have caught 'them' with guile, as Paul confesses he caught the Corinthians.* How well I have succeeded, I leave the porter at the gate of the infernal regions to judge. Go where you will—in high places or low places—among the learned or the unlearned—the virtuous or the vicious—Christians, infidels, devils—you will find my novels, with Falkland, like an angel of darkness, at the head, and Zanooni bringing up the rear. For their vicious tendency, they have not been and they never can be equalled. Talk of virtues! I can count my hundreds; and ere the last trump shall sound, I will answer for it that the portals of hell shall open to thousands more."

When this speaker sat down, the hall rang with applause.

The candidates having all presented their claims, the audience withdrew, and left Satan and his peers in consultation. It seemed to be difficult for them to decide, for their council lasted nearly an hour. At length, however, their "doubtful consultations dark" were ended, the doors were re-opened, and the eager multitude rushed into the hall. Satan communicated the decision in person.

"Two gentlemen," said he, "seem exceedingly deserving of our promised honor. Both have exhibited a most commendable zeal and discretion—both have practised as they preached—both have clothed their vicious sentiments in elegant language—both have drawn the portrait of vice as a creature to be loved—both have exerted an influence unequalled to vitiate the morals of mankind—and both have furnished victims almost innumerable for our dark and cheerless abode.

"Such being the case, it is the pleasure of the Sovereign—and in this award the peers concur—that both these gentlemen share the distinction. As a mark of our complacency and regard, we are pleased to bestow on Sir Edward the honorary appellation of Defender of the Faith; and on Lord Byron the dignity and emoluments of Poet laureate."

The Stygian council then dissolved—the assembly were dismissed with the apostatic benediction, (or malediction—I hardly know which they called it) and this select literary corps retired from the hall—the two knights walking in advance, arm and arm, down the central aisle. No sooner had the multitude passed the doors of the cathedral, than they filled the air with shouts of "All hail Byron and Bulwer!" "Long live the illustrious knights!"

I had heard of "Bedlam broke loose," but this was the first time I had ever been present on such an occasion; and if it should prove to be the last, I shall not greatly regret it. Amid the uproar, as a matter of course, I awoke.

SOMNIO.

* Paul makes no such confession—he explicitly denies the charge—and it was told that this speaker placed lying among his sisterhood of virtues.

N. Y. Eccl.

Miscellany.

The Contrast.

1. Do you see that proud overbearing man, riding in his gilded carriage? Look! no steps before a magnificent mansion, and liveried lackeys, obedient to his call, assist him to descend.

Do you see that poor miserable boy, whose tattered clothes scarcely shield him from the inclemency of the weather? Mark! with a beseeching look he solicits the rich man to purchase a pencil or card or pens; and behold how contemptuously he is spurned.

Twenty-five years ago that pompous man was as poor, as friendless, and as wretched as the urchin whom he despises.

2. Twenty-five years have passed since that day. The same parties meet! lo! the contrast.

The once poor boy stands in the pride of manhood, active, intelligent, rich. A lovely woman, his wife, leans upon his arm, and three blooming girls. Grace in every action, benevolence in every expression, affluence smiles in his unostentatious adornments.

An old man approaches. The tottering step, thread-bare garments, and the painful expression that frets in every feature, too plainly denote a man of want and woe. Better dead, than thus to drag on a miserable existence!

This may at the first blush appear to some a very improbable romance. It is a truth.

3. In a country like ours, there is no man, however poor, if aided by industry, economy, and virtue, but may rise from the lowest ranks of society to the highest. The knowledge of this fact is a blessed excitement to the young, and cheers them on to struggle nobly in the paths which lead to honor and independence, despite the thousand obstacles that oppose their course.

4. There is no man, however affluent, but by extravagance and bad morals may fall from his high estate, and close his days in penury and woe.

5. Let none despise the poor because of their poverty; none need flatter the rich because of their wealth. We may conquer poverty, wealth may subdue us. All men of equal virtues are equals. If one man possess more intelligence than his fellows, though that of itself may not elevate him in the ranks of the good, yet it brings him additional respect and wins a willing admiration from all men. THE GOOD ALONE ARE GREAT.—Knickerbocker.

Human Love.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

Oh! is there one law above the rest,
Written in wisdom—if there is a word
That I would trace with a pen of fire
Upon the ungodly temper of a child—
If there is any thing that keeps the mind
Open to angel visits, and repels
The ministry of ill—'tis human love!

God hath made nothing worthy of contempt.
The smallest pebble in the wall of truth,
Has its peculiar meaning, and will stand
When man's best monuments have passed away.
The law of heaven is love, and 'tho' its name
Has been usurped by passion, and profaned
To its unholy uses through all time,
Still the eternal principle is pure;
And in these deep affections that we feel
Omnipotent within us, we but see
The lavish measure in which love is given;
And in the yearning tenderness of a child
For every bird that sings above his head,
And every tree and flower and running brook,
We see how every thing was made to love;
And how they err, who in a world like this
Find any thing to hate but human pride.

Early Rising.

In the will of Mr. James Sergeant of England, is the following singular clause: As my nephews are fond of indulging themselves in bed in the morning, and as I wish them to prove, to the satisfaction of my executors, that they have got out of bed in the morning, and either employed themselves in business or taken exercise in the open air, from five till eight o'clock every morning, from the 5th of April to the 10th of October, being three hours each day; and from seven till nine in the morning, from the 10th of October to the 5th of April, being two hours each morning; this is to be done for some years, during the first seven, to the satisfaction of my executors, who may excuse them in case of illness, but the task must be made up when they are well; and if they will not do this they shall not receive any share of my property.

Pleasure Every Where.

There's pleasure every where,
To hearts that rightly feel,
Or no one need complain of care,
Or on his brow a sorrow wear,
Or painful sigh reveal.
Nature below—above,
How beautiful to view!
In every path we choose to rove,
We find a thousand things to love,
Each, wonderful and new.
Then be not sad, I pray:
The earth, the sea, the sky,
Are clothed in smiles—and full of play,
The beads and birds wear time away—
Then why not you and I?
A glorious world is ours,
In peerless beauty dressed
With trees and shrubs, and blushing flowers,
O'er which the sun light falls in showers,
And slumbers on its breast.

Advertisements.

TEMPERANCE TALES.

PUBLISHED BY WM. S. DAMRELL.

DEXTER S. KING, No. 1 Cornhill, Boston.

THE TEMPERANCE TALES have obtained a very extensive circulation throughout this country, and have been translated, reprinted and favorably noticed in other countries. The series has extended to twenty numbers. Under the name of Heaven, these works have been thought to be useful instruments in promoting the cause of Temperance wherever they have been introduced. We would here call attention to the many testimonies in their behalf, to be found in various temperance and other publications, and to the numerous testimonials and letters of commendation, which have been received from the Temperance Tales, expressed by many distinguished persons. These works have been sold in the following schools, families, &c., and more than 200,000 copies have been circulated.

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I AM AFRAID THERE IS A GOD.
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